

ANCIENT ROME
AND
MODERN BRITAIN

COMPARED.

A DIALOGUE, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[*Price 2s. 6d.*]

ANCIENT

ROBERTSON

CHURCH

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

OF THE

ANCIENT ROME
AND
MODERN BRITAIN

COMPARED.

A DIALOGUE, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

BETWEEN

HORACE AND MR. POPE.

A POEM,

BY D. M. ESQ.

The Muses charms with greater power assail
When wrapt in irony's transparent veil. BROWNE.

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ARGUMENT.

HORACE being disgusted with the vices of modern Italy, comes to Westminster Abbey, in hopes of obtaining here those honours which are due to him as a moral writer and a poet, and which he despairs of receiving any longer in his own country.—Disturbs the shade of Mr. Pope—they enter into conversation; in which some comparisons arise between ancient Rome and modern Britain; and Mr. Pope, as is very natural for an Englishman, gives the preference to his own country—The subjects of discourse are chiefly the following—The downfall of satire in Great Britain, by a conspiracy of the times against it—Fashion set up as the test of truth, instead of ridicule—Flattery recommended as the best means of success; particularly that species of it which pleases, by conforming to the humours and passions of men; exemplified in a character—The ill effects of satire shewn in Mr. Pope's own life and satirical writings—to that cause attributed his having no monument in the Abbey—The subject of flattery continued—its various powers displayed in many instances—its grand instrument of pleasing, a looking-glass, the companion and assistant of female beauty—Modern painting, its superiority over the ancient—Comparison between ancient and modern females, and the preference given to the latter.—The Abbey—the national repository of worth,

ARGUMENT.

in which Britain collects illustrious characters—the good effects of such a *concentration* of genius, whereby great men borrow reciprocal light from each other—Two of Britain's famous characters distinguished as superior to the rest, Locke and Newton—Mention of Brutus and Cato—the first censured as an assassin, the second as a suicide—Cato's suicide palliated and praised by Horace—Mr. Pope takes occasion from hence to give his countrymen that commendation, which, if suicide be meritorious, they deserve in preference to the ancient Romans, and indeed to all the world—attributed to their aversion to all restraint, and the mildest form of slavery, even love—they derive it also from their climate by sympathy—The effects of the autumnal season on the passions, similar to its effects on vegetation—the example of the swallow changing its climate also influences Britons—Horace distinguishes between those noble motives which gave occasion to suicide amongst the Romans, and those trivial causes from which it proceeds in Britain; a dissatisfied mind, disordered imagination, and want of energy—dreadful consequences possibly attending suicide:—he recommends fortitude, and shews its powerful effects in many instances—Mr. Pope contends that the evils, instanced by Horace as objects for the exercise of that virtue, do not exist in England, or are more easily remedied—Political oppression in Great Britain courted, not feared—British liberty, invocation to it—its doubtful origin—The *summum bonum* of Englishmen, like the *summum bonum* of

ARGUMENT.

the ancient philosophers, not known precisely in what it consists; varies in people's minds according to different systems—compared to the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Platonic, and the Peripatetic—Prayer for a continuance of its influence on Britons—Horace being disgusted, as it is supposed, at the commendations which Mr. Pope gives his country, ends the conversation abruptly, by wishing himself on some desert spot, as yet untainted by the vices of mankind.

The classical reader will observe, that Mr. Pope in this poem sometimes makes allusions to passages in his own works; but in whose language, indeed, can he be made to speak more properly than his own? for this reason an imitation is attempted, however imperfectly executed, of his style throughout.

The judicious reader will distinguish between those passages which are ironical, and those which are not.

ANCIENT ROME, &c.

A DIALOGUE.

HORACE.

How keeps alive the soul her active fires!
Her thoughts, affections, faculties, desires!
How still the self-deceiving mind repeats
Her airy visions, and her fond conceits!
How fancy still the heighten'd pleasure feigns, 5
Or sharpens all her intellectual pains!—
Those habits which the soul, in life, engage,
(Youth of her being) she preserves in age;
Thus, yet in death unalter'd, I retain,
The moral impulse, and satiric vein; 10
To Roman worth the lyric strain repeat;
Again woo Science in her close retreat;
To shades, and philosophic themes return,
And call up Genius, drooping o'er my urn,
To mark fresh scenes of knowledge as they rise, 15
Since all our happiness is to be wise—
Knowledge, that spark which earthly science gave,
Kindles in death, and brightens in the grave;
Through various changes fresher lights acquires,
And burns with purer, and with purer fires, 20

B

Pours the broad day on Reason's bolder sight,
 And fills the soul with intellectual light—
 How vain was then the philosophic dream,
 That black oblivion, draught from Lethe's stream,
 Would make one blot of mem'ry's crowded page, 25
 And level with the savage sink the sage.

POPE.

In these dread solitudes, and darksome cells,
 Where heav'nly-fearful Recollection dwells,
 And ever-list'ning Superstition reigns,
 What means this tumult in such awful fanes? 30
 Whence are th' unhallow'd sounds which thus invade
 The silent gloom, and rouze my peaceful shade?
 O'er tombs of genius Harvey vents his spite,
 Or Young here sings his sorrows in the night;
 'Tis Shakspeare else,* with all a poet's rage, 35
 Come to reproach me for his injured page;
 Or comic Cibber,† to repeat the jest
 Which stabb'd my fame, and robb'd my life of rest.—

HORACE.

Mistaken shade, no modern name I boast,—
 Hither I come, a well-known ancient ghost. 40

* Mr. Pope's edition of this author has been thought the worst of his works.

† Mr. Cibber in a pamphlet gave a humorous account of an adventure of Mr. Pope's with a lady of the town at a tavern, from which he says he saved him in the moment of danger, and preserved the British Homer.

POPE.

An ancient ghost! have I disturb'd thy dust?
Have not I been to Homer ever just?
If thou art he, point out the fatal line
Where I have used one happier thought than thine:
Cursed be the verse, howe'er improved the sense, 45
Which tends to give one ancient bard offence.

HORACE.

Dread not to feel from me the angry dart,
Horace wounds not, but plays around the heart.*—

POPE.

Hail rev'rend bard, inspir'd by all the Nine,
Thus let me mix my honour'd shade with thine. 50
But say, what could induce thee to explore
This, which thou call'dst th' inhospitable shore?†

HORACE.

Too well I know my once just censure lost,
And find that Britain *honours strangers most*;
For this, thus suppliant at her shrine I stand, 55
Thus ask the honours of a foreign land;

* Circum precordia ludit—Horace's character as a satirist.

† "Visam Britannos hospitibus feros." Horace.

In Rome no future praise can Horace gain,
 Where Vice and Folly hold divided reign;
 To cure some partial ills I took the pen ;
 But public vice is now, what private then. 60
 Well did I sing, the difference was but nice
 Between each virtue, and its neighbouring vice.
 Compare her modern with her ancient times,
 And Roman virtues,* are Italian crimes;
 What then the learned was, the free, the brave, 65
 Is now the fool, the coward, and the slave.

POPE.

Peace, peace, such words may hurt some conscious shade,
 Nothing but panegyric hear the dead—
 Whilst you the nameless sons of Rome condemn,
 These ghosts may think the satire meant to them— 70
 But hear the precepts from experience caught,
 And be the ancient by the modern taught ;
 The Muse no longer keeps mankind in awe,
 The times conspire, and make themselves the law ;
 From sense of shame the subject mind enlarge, 75
 And private vice exempt from public charge ;
 On modern manners all attacks repel,
 And against Satire's tyrant reign rebel ;

* Some things were considered as virtues by the Romans, which are not so esteemed now ;
 but only as qualities, as valour, the love of one's country, &c.

Pervert her objects, and her plans explode,
 By changing vice and folly into mode ; 80
 Which temp'ring to a *polish* round the heart,
 From its smooth surface turns the idle dart ;
 Holds the fair convex prominent to light,
 And shows the human character more bright—
 Against Parnassus all the sons engage 85
 Of mighty *Ton*, and join the general rage :
 The Muse sees all the powers of taste unite
 On that high ground of action, *styled* polite ;
 Sees ridicule, her standard, turn'd to jest,
 In truth's defence, and fashion made the test ; 90
 Sees man from mutual censure man defend,
 Self-love prevail, and satire's empire end—
 Whilst public sense approves the common cause,
 And waves the banners of the world's applause—
 He that would rise in these enlighten'd days, 95
 Must learn the smooth philosophy of praise ;
 Must practise flattery's most engaging art,
 Which wins by kind *resemblances* the heart ;
 Let his camelion-fashion'd conduct bear
 The social likeness of the object near ; 100
 At prayers with prelates, and with clubs at play,
 By night a gamester, and a saint by day ;
Without a patriot, and a slave *within*,
 With Henley drink, and feast with sensual *Quin* ;
 With married dames unloose the nuptial knot, 105
 Lend North a plan, and P—l—r a plot ;

And M——d's age a mistress and a rod ;
 And aid e'en W——s to ridicule his God ;
 With jests obscene the holiest rites profane,
 And worship demons in devoutest strain ; 110
 Then join the church, his mortgaged faith redeem,
 And help to punish whom he help'd blaspheme.—
 For hence (the unambitious soul to raise
 By one accumulated term of praise)
 Hence S—— rose ; form'd with compliant ease, 115
 To act each various character to please,
 Adopt the passion to which each is prone,
 And make all vices of mankind his own ;
 Ape e'en their worth,—by wondrous stretch of art—
 And win by virtues foreign to his heart.— 120
 Who would not wish to be the pride, and sport,
 Of senates, clubs, the tavern, and the court ;
 To every taste in endless change resign'd,
 An universal pattern for mankind ;
 He, having taught a nation how to please, 125
 Shall smile at length in pensions, and in ease,
 Pensions which can, like Abraham's blessings, run
 In long succession down from son to son.

HORACE.

Must Satire then, inglorious Satire sleep ?
 And still must long neglected Virtue weep ? 130
 Thrice happy Rome, whose most corrupted age
 Could boast its freedom in a poet's page ;

Who, bold in truth, the Muses vengeance hurl'd
O'er the degenerate mistress of the world.

But who art thou, whose artful strains, in spite 135
Of erring sense, by power of sound delight?
Won by th' insidious melody, too long
I lose the poet, to attend the song.

POPE.

Think not thy partial eulogy can raise
A heart, long senseless to the voice of praise; 140
The Muse delights not—I repent the crime
Of verse,* and now but measure prose to rhyme;
The numbers come, indeed, by habit led,
But all the charm of poetry has fled.—
Once to the Muse in raptur'd trance I clung, 145
Of sylvan scenes, and scenes of battle sung;
In Windsor's groves † Arcadian forms were seen,
And Hector ‡ bled afresh on Twick'nam Green;
'Twas then Pope's unenvenom'd Muse could please
With strength of thought, and elegance of ease; 150
But when some Stygian fury dipp'd my pen
In gall, and Satire bid me write on men;
When half of anger, half of virtue bred,
The Muse sprung, arm'd like Pallas, from my head;

* ———— What *sin* to me unknown.

Dipp'd me in ink, my parents' or my own?

Pope.

† His Windsor Forest.

‡ His translation of Homer.

I drew forth private life to public show, 155
 But where I mark'd a failing, made a foe ;
 My fame still flourish'd as the satire ran——
 That rais'd the poet, but this sunk the man——
 In dread suspense, each fearfully admir'd
 The blaze of wit his neighbour's dwelling fir'd ; 160
 With heedless rage I spread the general waste,
 Nor spared their learning,* beauty, wit,† and taste ;‡
 Then stood, like friendless Nero,§ and survey'd
 The ruins which my sportive vengeance made ;
 And, turning from an angry world aside, 165
 Britain's best satirist unlamented died;——
 For this no tomb here spreads her marble page,
 To tell my name, my merits, and my age ;
 For this no sculptured Muse, with bending grace,
 Here holds, or seems to hold, me on my base ; 170
 Nor Death, slow creeping || from beneath the skreen,
 With monumental horror fills the scene——

* Some men of reputed wit and learning are ridiculed in the *Dunciad*, and other parts
 of Mr. Pope's works. † His epistle on the characters of woman.

‡ His epistle to Lord Bathurst.

§ This emperor is said to have set Rome on fire for a frolic.

|| See the elegant monument of Mrs. Nightingale in Westminster Abbey.—

How different are these sentiments of Mr. Pope, after having gathered all his fame,
 from the sentiments of his youth.——

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,

Thus unlamented die,

My dust though alien'd from this kindred earth,
 The national receptacle of worth,
 Yet deem'd of high desert, my honour'd shade 175
 Here rests, fit comrade of th' illustrious dead—
 For Pope, the rage of wit now past, they find
 A friend to genius, virtue, and mankind—
 Here with distinguish'd honours thou shall'st shine,
 For thee the Muse her mimic wreath shall twine; 180
 Venus shall hover o'er thee with her doves,
 And round thee call a weeping band of loves ;
 Pope shall swell out the eulogiac thought,
 And Warburton * shall bless thee † in a note.

HORACE.

Forgive me, if such honours I disclaim, 185
 Sufficient for a poet is his name ;
 Near Maro's tomb they fix'd th' immortal bays,
 And " here lies Virgil," ‡ was sufficient praise.

POPE.

You ancient bards, with conscious worth and pride,
 Might throw the proffer'd wreath of fame aside, 190

Steal from the world, and not a stone

Tell where I lie.

Pope.

How did his sentiments change, when he took care to erect a monument for himself at Twickenham !

* Bishop of Gloucester, and commentator on Mr. Pope's works.

† That is as a commentator, not as a bishop.

‡ " Hic jacet Virgilius," is said to be the only inscription on his tomb.

From other motives we neglect the dame,
 Since flattery well supplies the want of fame ;
 Bards can on bards reflect their kindred rays,
 And friends can give when fame denies the bays—
 But flattery's not to bards alone confin'd, 195
 Like gold, the general object of mankind ;
 The pliant ore from Gallic mines purloin'd,
 Self-love brought o'er, and first dependance coin'd ;
 Which now in plenteous commerce issues forth,
 And helps the scanty currency of worth— 200
 From him who takes it shifts to him who pays,
 That all may taste the luxuries of praise.—
 Thus, what at court the lavish statesman spent,
 Th' obsequious dean repays him cent. per cent. ;
 The honest tythe of all exactions clear, 205
 From humbler priests of forty pounds a year ;
 If incense at her lovers shrine she burns,
 Back to the fair the balmy sweet returns,
 Breathes at her bosom in the envied rose,
 Or all Arabia on her neck bestows ; 210
 Perfumes her steps with flowers, or turn'd to sighs,
 Pants on her breast in amorous gales, and dies.
 Flattery, to please, in various forms appears,
 Of pimps, players, painters, prostitutes, and peers,—
 She in the patriot wins th' applauded crowd, 215
 Conforts e'en wedlock in the promised shroud ;
 Stronger than gold the female breast assails,
 And gains your *honour's* alms, when pity fails.—

She taught the court of James * to check the smile,
 And praise his royal logic, and his style; 220
 But with loud mirth to hail the labouring joke,
 Foresee the pun, and laugh ere yet he spoke;
 And fired the senate with the monarch's itch,
 To starve a demon, † and to burn a witch ;—
 For crafty Cromwell heighten'd Waller's wit, 225
 And prais'd that Fox, as now we praise a Pitt. ‡——
 Then to the change of times conform'd, § and hail'd
 The sovereign's power, when the people's fail'd—
 And taught complying synods to repent,
 To soothe their God, and make a Stuart a saint— 230
 On Sackville's brows she bade those laurels play
 Which he had won, like Fabius, by delay—
 With Whitehead || stroll'd in Pliny's flow'ry road, ¶
 And gave an annual fragrance to his ode.

* King James the First was a great logician and punster, and a firm believer in witchcraft, upon which subject he wrote a book.

† By a statute of James I. the penalty of death, by burning, is inflicted on every person who gives victuals to a devil, or practises any witchcraft.

‡ And show'd a Newton as we show an ape. *Pope.*

In this latter line of Mr. Pope's the disagreeable part of the contrast, that is the ape, is mentioned last, and leaves a disgusting image on the mind ;—but in the line in the context, the *reverse* of the coin is first shown, and then the image and superscription, which constitutes its worth, and shows it to be Cæsar's.——

§ Waller wrote a poem in praise of Cromwell ; and upon the restoration, one in praise of Charles II. The former was much the best.

|| Poet laureat to George II. and George III.

¶ Pliny wrote a panegyric on Trajan, containing all the good things that can be said of a sovereign——of great use at courts.

Who can her mirror's wondrous powers express, 235
 Which makes defects seem delicately less,
 Yet heightens beauty with a softer grace,
 The kind companion of the female face ;
 This by themselves allures th' alluring sex,
 And cheats the beauteous siren it reflects, 240
 Feigns as she feigns, and when she charms, beguiles,
 And takes the fair one in her own dear wiles ;
 'Tis this instructs to roll th' insidious eye,
 Laugh without mirth, and without rapture sigh ;
 Shows in what feature love should take his stand, 245
 And guides the pencil in the fair one's hand,
 To form the tint, the glowing blush to feign,
 The critic's wonder, and the lover's pain.

HORACE.

Is this the boast, too, of thy favour'd land ?
 Does painting languish in a female hand ? 250
 How vain, oh Greece ! was all thy vaunted pride,
 Thy arts together with thy artists died.

POPE.

What then, to dead must living art submit ?
 And modern beauty yield to ancient wit ?
 Must amorous youths, Apelles' Venus seek ? 255
 Which painting blooms on every fair one's cheek ?
 There in pure white contending lilies vie,
 And the rose reddens with a lovelier dye ;

Whilst the rich sweets the glowing tints exhale,
 Surpass the blooming fragrance of the vale ; 260
 Our modern painting doubly charms the heart,
 Whilst art aids beauty, and whilst beauty art.

HORACE.

I hate the art which cheats the sense so much,
 And scorn those charms which can't endure the touch ;
 I prize the fair in native grace compleat, 265
 In simple plainness unadorn'd, and neat ;
 Whose artless eyes no tutor'd passion speak,
 Whose roses bloom spontaneous on the cheek ;
 But what are all the joys which these impart,
 The charms of nature, or the toils of art, 270
 If on the mind no science sheds her light,
 But leaves a chaos of unletter'd night ;
 If looks to looks no sympathy dispense,
 But shew a listless vacancy of sense ?
 Sappho, thy browner beauties I admire, 275
 Who *felt* a lover's and a muse's fire.

POPE.

To Montague* then all my praise is due,
 Who shone a Sappho and a Venus too——

* Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whose beauty was noticed even at the court of the Grand Turk, and to the severity of whose satirical muse Mr. Pope was no stranger in his own person, and therefore his honourable mention of her now, is a proof of his candour.

But modern females think, at least 'tis fit,
 Whilst they o'er beauty, men preside o'er wit ; 280
 Form'd for soft love, Parnassian heights they dread ;
 But grudge no honours to a husband's head ;—
 And though to all the Nine he pays his vows,
 Smile on those laurels which conceal his brows ;—
 On beauty's throne their fair dominion place, 285
 And give up all the Muses for a grace ;
 Great learning * as a dangerous thing detest,
 And shun a Priestley, as we shun a pest.
 Nor pants the female breast for martial deeds,
 Sad scenes to them where comely manhood bleeds ; 290
 They shrink from glory at a price so high,
 And view the dear bought triumph with a sigh :
 Here no Camilla, † scouring o'er the field,
 Compels the panting fugitive to yield ;
 Our fair to be victorious seem subdued, 295
 But flying kill, and conquer when pursued.
 With Amazonian terror ‡ nods no crest,
 No dart is pointed from the mangled breast ;
 That breast preserved, a readier death supplies,
 And all their darts are pointed from their eyes ; 300

* Mr. Pope says, a little learning is a dangerous thing—and so it is to the party possessing it ; but great learning is sometimes dangerous to society, witness your Machiavels, Bolingbrokes, Shaftsburies, &c. &c.

† See her character in Virgil.

‡ The Amazons were an ancient nation of female warriors, who amputated the right breast, that it might not interfere with the use of the bow.

In martial rank let ancient females move,
No conflicts please our fair but those of love :
They praise the warrior, but condemn the wars ;
Embrace the man, but tremble at his scars.

HORACE.

But why on love do we our thoughts employ, 305
Why praise those beauties which we can't enjoy ?
Whilst round these walls I cast my wond'ring sight,
New passions rise, and other thoughts delight ;
These scenes of fame a Roman's warmth renew,
And bring back all my country to my view, 310
These modern names to ancient, fancy turns,
And weeps for Romans, over British urns ;—
Than Rome more happy, Britain, may'st thou shine,
Thine be her glories, not her sorrows thine ;
May factious rule ne'er shake th' unsettled land, 315
Nor want a Cato's sword, or Brutus' hand.——
But British, sure, must rival Roman fame,
If all be true these epitaphs proclaim.

POPE.

Such, Britain, are thy sons, thy wonders such,
Nor Fame can speak, nor Muses praise too much !— 320
And more true glories crowd this single dome,
Than all the scatter'd monuments of Rome :
Britain, in this her venerable pile,
Collects th' illustrious worthies of her isle ;

He who has arts invented, or refined, 325
Or shed fresh lights of science on the mind ;
The learn'd, the brave, the wise, here see his name,
Claim'd by his country, and consign'd to fame ;
Departed genius here exults, to find
How little mortal he has left behind,— 330
*And proves, what ancient worthies fail'd to prove,**
The grateful tokens of a nation's love.—
Here king on kings, on heroes hero sleeps,
There piles of patriot dust—here mould'ring heaps
Of wit—whose fires in mingled radiance rise, 335
The bright galaxis † of the British skies—
Where stars, which single, to the world were lost,
Join'd in close phalanx, shine a splendid host.—
But greatly luminous he shines, who taught
The rise, and gradual growth, ‡ of human thought, 340
Explain'd to man the nature of his mind,
Its various actions, and its modes defined ;
From error cleans'd the intellectual sight,
And taught mankind the art of reas'ning right.
But see where, with more dazzling glory crown'd, 345
The gaze and wonder of the world around,

* “ Ploravere suis non respondere favorem

“ Speratum meritis.”

Horace.

† Dr. Herschel, it is said, has ascertained by his telescopes what was only conjectured before, that is, that the luminous appearance in the sky, called the milky way, is a vast collection of stars too small to be seen singly by the naked eye.

‡ Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

Rapt in the beams of that bright orb on high,
 Earth in his hand, and ether in his eye,
 Stands the great sage,* whose mind with bold advance
 Explor'd the centre of the world's expanse ; 350
 Whose power inclines the circling planet's course,
 And the wide comet's more eccentric force ;—
 For man's behoof, as if by heaven's design,
 He gave philosophy th' unerring line,†
 To find of things the nature, use, intent, 355
 By the just standard of experiment ;
 And rescued science from the learned strife
 Of schools, and train'd to purposes of life.—
 Him mortals reverence for the god-like plan,
 Which made philosophy of use to man ; 360
 Him Nature honours for her wonders shown,
 And Piety reveres, who made her God more known :—
 Compared with these, we view as meaner things
 The busts of heroes, and the tombs of kings.
 But why dost thouth' assa ssin's hand commend, 365
 A friend to Brutus thou, yet Cæsar's friend ?
 Great was the wish to save a sinking land,
 Blest be th' attempt, but blasted be the hand ;
 Could Cæsar by no fairer treason bleed,
 And Rome by perfidy alone be freed ? 370

* Sir Isaac Newton.

† Bacon first suggested the use of experiment in philosophy ; but Sir Isaac Newton put it into practice, and proved the great use of it.

Heaven saw the splendid treachery with disdain,
 And faithless Brutus stabb'd his friend in vain.
 Or why to Cato must thy praise belong,
 Why tune to suicides the moral song?
 Weak was his mind which could not bear to feel 375
 The sudden turns of hasty Fortune's wheel ;
 Elate with pride, but sunk by every ill,
 He took for virtue fame, for judgment, will :
 Turn'd treacherous nature on herself, and stole,
 By reason's art, all reason from his soul. 380

HORACE.

Whilst censure speaks let candour's voice be heard :
 'Twas reason which misled, when Cato err'd ;
 Whilst in his breast contending passions rose,
 These chill'd by fear, whilst hope enliven'd those,
 Thick gathering doubts, by timorous fancy's aid, 385
 Suspended o'er his soul a gloomy shade,
 And reason, labouring through the devious mean,
 Was seen perverted, or but little seen.—
 Thus when the air with heated moisture teems
 Of floating vapours, and ascending steams, 390
 The thicken'd mists distort the fractured ray,
 Confound the sight, and form a doubtful day ;
 But if to blast ambition in the flower,
 And check luxuriance in the growth of power ;
 If to make death familiar to the soul, 395
 And hasten lingering nature to the goal ;

To quit a world where Cato breath'd a slave,
 And seek the narrow freedom of the grave ;
 From sympathetic souls can claim a tear,
 Or make to modern ancient freedom dear ; 400
 For him, with Rome, then Britain join to raise
 The note, which labours with its weight of praise.

POPE.

Can former sufferings recent griefs impart,
 Or Roman sorrows touch a Briton's heart?—
 For present ills sincerer griefs are shown, 405
 And Britain weeps with sorrows of her own ;
 Yet more illustrious, whilst those sorrows flow,
 She gains in glory what she feels in woe ;
 For if on suicide such praise attends,
 And Fame approves what Virtue discommends, 410
 Her every son can boast a Cato's hand,
 And heap fresh honours on a weeping land :
 E'en slavery's softer form their souls disdain,
 They cannot bear a lover's silken chain.—
 Thus if some youth, beneath th' appointed bower, 415
 Waits for the nymph beyond the promis'd hour,
 He grows impatient for the absent fair,
 And yields his tortur'd bosom to despair ;
 Upbraids the moon, whose mimic ray inspires
 The sex to counterfeit their lovers' fires ; 420
 Whose modest front, with meek approaching light,
 Steals on th' unguarded bosom of the night ;

With soft intrusion gains on his conceit,
 Until her lessening orb betrays the cheat,
 And shews that her divided passion burns 425
 For the two rival hemispheres by turns;—
 Then from the melancholy willow bough,
 Sighs, and suspends his wretched weight of woe:—
 The wavering nymph arrives, and grieves to see
 So fair a blossom wither'd on the tree; 430
 And, bearing to some brook the plaintive theme,
 Adds a fresh Naiad to his crowded stream.
 Well, Shakspeare, didst thou pen th' instructive page,
 And prove that all the world was but a stage;
 Where'er we turn, theatric deaths we meet, 435
 A dagger or a bowl in every street;
 At unfeign'd scenes our genuine sorrows flow,
 And tragic pity swells with real woe.—
 But not from love alone this praise we claim,
 We gather from our very skies our fame; 440
 For when th' inconstant sun withdraws his rays,
 And the whole vegetative world decays,
 Then, whilst the south-infected autumn reigns,
 O'er the bare forests and the leafy plains,
 Big with the baneful influence of the skies, 445
 From trees to men the quick infection flies;
 Too soon the fatal sympathy is caught,
 Blasts the young purpose, and luxuriant thought;
 In fair ambition damps the genial power,
 And chills reflection in her shatter'd bower; 450

Blights every hope which blooms in life's serene,
 Rifles each sweet, and saddens all the scene:
 The Briton, e'er to social sorrows prone,
 Feels all his climate's sufferings as his own;
 To his dark skies his gloomy thoughts conform, 455
 And his big bosom labours with the storm;
 Each rain adds fresher torrents to his eyes,
 And every gale is lengthen'd with his sighs;
 His stream of life, with ruffling passions foul,
 Reflects the broken image of his soul.— 460
 The swallow now, scarce able to sustain
 Her languid flight along the misty plain,
 To her soft bosom tempts the northern gales,
 And spreads for happier shores her feather'd sails:
 Charm'd with the sight, how many Britons sigh 465
 For the pure ether of another sky;
 Hope prunes their pinions for th' Icarian flight,*
 And wafts th' adventurers to the dangerous height;
 Prompts the fond wish to reach a distant shore,
 And cross those seas they are to cross no more. 470

HORACE.

In Cato bled, and in Lucretia died,
 The steady patriot, and the faithful bride:

* Icarus, the son of Dædalus, had a pair of waxen wings made for him by his father, with which he could fly; but being ambitious of discovering the nature of those spots in the sun which have puzzled philosophers, he ventured so near that the heat melted the

Honour too high, or shame too nice, in them
 We trace with pity, and with fear condemn;
 But when the soul, distemper'd with its ease, 475
 Sees not its good, or unregarded sees,
 Thinks all is misery which opposes will,
 And weeps the future as the present ill;
 When discontent adopted sorrow strains,
 Close to her breast,—sad fosteress of her pains! 480
 And fancy, to a wide circumference,
 Spreads the thin texture of her own pretence,
 And stretching round her all her fears spun fine,
 Shrinks at each touch, and feels through every line; 485
 In this dread solitude of soul are traced
 No glorious structures of the mind, defaced
 By fortune's storms, or shaken by event,
 From the wise purpose, and the just intent;
 No marks of virtues, splendid in defect,
 But all one barren desert of neglect. 490
 Lo! there dejected Melancholy dwells,
 In gloomy mansions, and sequester'd cells;
 And Reason loiters in the vale of sense,
 In sullen pride, and strenuous indolence:
 But Wisdom, Hope, and Virtue, quit the plain; 495
 And Folly trembles at her boundless reign—
 Then Death call'd in, with treach'rous aid descends;
 And truth takes up the scene, where fiction ends.

wax of his wings, and he fell into the sea, called from him the Icarian Sea—"Icarus
 Icaris nomina fecit aquis."

Thus when the mind, fatigued by much repose,
 Starts from the dream of visionary woes, 500
 Long time the painful image is retain'd,
 And waking sense laments what slumber feign'd ;
 Who knows how long the suicide may feel
 The burning poison, or the pointed steel ;
 Or through the immensity of space be hurl'd, 505
 A restless vagrant wretch, from world to world ;
 Or doom'd to bear the jarring passions' strife,
 In some long sad eternity of life,
 Where death can't waft th' impatient traveller o'er,
 Though pleasure beckons from a neighbouring shore. — 510
 Turn from the painful scene, my soul, and show
 Triumphant sorrow, and illustrious woe —
 For see, where patient Fortitude resigns
 Herself to heaven, and on its arm reclines ;
 Amidst the warring elements of life 515
 Withstands the tumult, and endures the strife ;
 For widow'd beggary smooths the weary mile,
 And beams fresh comfort in her *infant's smile* ;
 In ruin'd *fame* supports th' *injur'd maid* ;
 And follows friendless *merit* to the shade ; 520
 Bids *conscious honour* th' unjust tale sustain ;
 And softens for *disease* the bed of pain ;
 Warms at the pole, refreshes at the line,
 And toils with captive *slav'ry* in the mine :
 And when by lawless tyranny pursued, 525
 For exile cheers the lonely solitude ;

In *patriot* zeal *oppression's* frown disdains,
 Widens his dungeon, and supports his chains ;
 Defies the block, the poison, and the steel,—
 And smiles in writhing torture on the wheel. 530

POPE.

To such, O Fortitude! thy partial toil,
 Britain nor yields the harvest nor the soil;
 Her charities are boundless as her arms,
 For pity melts those hearts which glory warms ;
 A *liberal* tax the *widow's* grief beguiles, 535
 And yields more comfort than her *infants' smiles* :
 Such smiles to wand'ring beggars are unknown,
 They bear about no infants of their own,
 Which by some foundling, shiv'ring in their stead,
 Fraud of parental love! are cloth'd and fed. 540
 Our woods, just victims to incumbrance made,
 To *merit* yield no more th' inglorious shade,
 Which from his views conceal'd the noblest ends,
 And stole him from himself—his best of friends—
 From *injured beauty* no complaints are made, 545
 For want of credit in this land of trade;
 Where bankrupts prosper, though misfortunes cross,
 And all *fair traders* profit by their loss.—
 Here *conscious honour* on the sword depends,
 —Since that no difference makes of foes or friends; 550

Form'd of Ithuriel's spear,* its point applies
 The trying touch, from which all falsehood flies,—
 Here no *disease* long lingers o'er the grave, 555
 Or why, O Hill! have plants such power to save? †
 Why roll the sons of art in learned state,
 The lords of life, and arbiters of fate?
 Or how could they thus prosper by disease,
 If life was not to be preserved by fees? ‡—— 560
Slavery no more will labour in the mine;
 Blurr'd with a wretch's tears, can diamonds shine?
 Or who, O Wilberforce! can think it good
 To handle gold that's stain'd with human blood?
 Russia from bondage kindly frees the Pole, 565
 And Britain from the line repels control;
 Slavery, in right or wrong now finds resource,
 And will be free by law, or *will-by-force*,
 Exults, and tells his sons the sage decree,
 "The foot which British dirt defiles is free!" 570
 And the great deeds of those fam'd heroes sings,
 Who mangle babes, and drink the blood of kings;
 Defile the nun, because to heaven avow'd,
 And stab the guiltless priest, to brave his God.

* See an account in Milton of its power in detecting falsehood—Satan having squatted himself at the ear of Eve, in the form of a toad, being touched by Ithuriel with his spear, starts up in his original form.

† Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?

‡ This passage is not sufficiently explicit, as it does not appear whether the life of the doctor or the patient is meant as being preserved by fees.

Dear to our patriots is Oppression's form, 575
 Their stagnant virtues mantle in the storm ;
 They court, as wealth and fame, their sovereign's frown,
 For freedom, Britain ! freedom is thy own—
 Oh ! freedom, liberty, whate'er thy name,
 The sovereign's bounty, or the subject's claim, 580
 Child of events, by chance preserved, or art,
 Or nature's child, close clinging to the heart,
 Seen midst the wreaths Cæsarian * conquests yield,
 Or won by bloody charters on the field,
 Man's greatest bliss, yet Britain's common lot, 585
 From the proud palace to the humble cot ;
 If peace delight thee, or if tumult please,
 If mobs huzza thee, or if statesmen seize ;
 Out-law'd, expell'd, imprison'd, and disgrac'd,
 Or, harder fate ! unpension'd and un plac'd ; 590
 Or like all philosophic sovereign good,
 Most sought, lov'd, honour'd, but least understood ;
 Whether thou deign'st † to bound the call desire,
 To the plain use of raiment, food, and fire,
 To drink, to pray, to study, and to dose, 595
 Through the still life of undisturb'd repose ;

* From Cæsar's account of Britain, they appear to have been a free people even at that early period.

† The Epicurean philosophy—Epicurus has been represented, as professing a sensual and gross philosophy—Epicuri de grege porcus—but Sir William Temple and others represent him as cultivating the nobler principles of philosophy, in calm retreats consulting his ease, and enjoying rational pleasures in the country.

Or form'd where Stoic principles * begin,
 At the deep centre of the soul within,
 Round which a self-enlarging circle bends
 To every point where private good extends, 600
 Until the wide circumference inclose,
 In the same space, thy country's friends and foes;
 Or seen, when visionary fancy teems,†
 With the pure offspring of Platonic schemes,
 Whilst from each state selected beauties meet 605
 To make one democratic form complete;
 Such as e'en now with airy dreams entrance,
 Of level rule, the ravish'd sense of France:—
 Or if, for ambulating science made,‡
 Thou quit'st the cellar's too contracted shade, 610
 In unconfin'd philosophy to range,
 Where systems vary and opinions change,
 Through each dark lane, and every close recess
 To bear about the doctrine of redress,
 Teach in what plans what various ills exist, 615
 And when to claim, to clamour, and resist:—

• The Stoics seem to have acted entirely with regard to their own interest—nil te quæsieris extra; but are not less useful to the public upon certain occasions, and will join administration upon a coalition, although they have all along declared them the enemies of their country, in order to be a check upon them.

† See Plato's Republic.

‡ The Peripatetic philosophers, it is said, had no certain place for instruction, but walked about the city preaching their doctrines.

Which e'er of these thou art, or all of these,
 At once the nation's vigour, and disease,
 The stateman's terror, and the patriot's plea,
 Still keep thy Britons jealous, loud, and free,— 620
 Inspire their plans, their slumbers, and their treats,
 And let thy voice be heard through all their streets;
 From the low murmur to the loud address;
 From boroughs, clubs, the pulpit, and the press:
 Still keep them in the love of action bold, 625
 To fight a battle—or to duck a scold—
 To break a window—or to storm a town—
 To damn a play—or pull a tyrant down.

HORACE.

Hence bear me, Virtue, to some desert shore,
 Where earth is yet unbosom'd of her ore; 630
 Where groans no field beneath the slaughter'd foe,
 No stream e'er murmurs to the voice of woe;
 No holy fraud the deep recess invades,
 Nor lewdness veils her blushes in the shades;
 Where the false vow ne'er taints the virgin-gale, 635
 Nor tattling echo spreads the busy tale;
 Where faithless commerce never marks the beach,
 And laurels bloom beyond ambition's reach;—
 There let me rest, secure from mortal strife,
 Whilst midway 'twixt eternity and life 640

I wait, impatient, for that further change,
 When my free soul to distant worlds shall range ;
 From human taint her better sense refine,
 And lose her mortal virtues in divine ;
 Shall taste of science at a purer stream,
 And see how Nature works her wondrous scheme ;
 On nobler beings all my praise confer,
 Since these, the best of men and wisest, err.

645

FINIS.

I wait impatient for that further change,
 When my free soul to distant worlds shall range;
 From human taint her better sense refine,
 And lose her mortal virtues in divine;
 Shall taste of science at a purer stream,
 And see how Nature works her wondrous scheme;
 On nobler beings all my praise confer,
 Since these the best of men and wisest are.

